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POETRY.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

From helfry, towers, and tapering spires The drifted dark bright energies clear, And bend to hear the chanting choirs. Greet the great day of all the year.

And all the mellow Christmas bells Clash their wild tunes upon the air, And, gathering in meledious swells, Wake the white echoes every-where.

Around the fame the incense wreathes, The organ rolls, the authem rings; Through the dim aisles all Heaven breathes To lift the soul from mortal things, To lift the soul, the sense upbusy, And meet the level of the morn, When, breaking all the gloom to joy, The Savier of the world was born.

Selected Christmas Story.

It was Christmas Eve, and our little drawing-room looked saug and bright as a room could look. It was not by any means a difficult apartment to light, being some thing less than fourteen feet square, the specious bay-window not included, and, execrable as is suburban gas, you might have seen to read the most aimly printed penny paper in our most distant corner. But small as was the room, it was the sort of evening that would have made you instinctively draw your chair close up to the cheerful fire that went blazing up the Lilipution chimney. By the way it crackled, you could tell there was a bitter frost outside; you might have guessed it, too, by the marked difference of temperature you experienced in the aforesaid bay-window. Suburban window frames would hardly earry off gold medals at universal exhibitions as triumphs of menuiserie. It was, indeed, most seasonable weather for any one who had a snug roof overhead, and eredit with his coal-merchant and tradespeople generally. With these and an easy mind, the intense cold without ought enjoyment within.

row,"

Garden and Farming Hardware. Christmas Eve at latest, and he is quite and consented to step into the witness-box

It was our Christmas turkey that was cy and shape, until we nearly arrived at hall over the place." the conclusion that it must have become some one else's by right of capture. My complant of any being delivered anywhere wife's uncle, old Mr. Wurzel, of West- at wrong addresses. Thought it was the repps, had promised to contribute to our parties that they went astray from that Christmas dinner one of the primest of his was more likely to make complaints of that celebrated breed of Norfolk turkeys. In sort than the parties that they came to by the hospitality of our hearts we had im- mistake. Had left one himself at Victomediately taken steps accordingly.

dressed, first to my Quilter, whose articles away." to an eminent solicitor had just expired, So far the porter, and I re-entered the secondly, to my wife's cousin Palette, a from pacified. high rank as an historical painter, and who and arrived, not very reluctantly perhaps,

pass a brief but happy life in that Nor-folk Eden, gorging and regorging their portly persons. When cut down in their golden prime, and despatched to the Lon- dazzling toilets, and a wealth of dress and willing to swear to the turkey. I do not

Welsh mutton. No wonder, then, with little information. Our maids and those to put to them. so much at stake, that we felt anxious and next door happened to be at feud; but our depressed. We felt that, if our looked-for servant had heard from those on the other and, armed him with an opera-glass, and

How we longed and listened as each footfall on the pavement echoed clear and loud in the frosty air! How we hoped that it might pause, and, turning in at our little doorway, be followed by the peals own. of the clanging bell. Thanks to the liberal arrangements at St. Martin's le-Grand, we had a postal delivery about once in each twenty minutes; and when we heard the postman ply-knocker or pull bell-wire anywhere in the neighborhood, how anxiously we waited, in some vague hope of an explanation that we felt to be impossible. I believe we had some undefined idea that the mighty fowl might have been despatched at the eleventh hour by pattern post, and be delivered with his blue drumsticks hanging out at one end of the parcel, and his red wattles depending from the other. Ours is a semi-detached maisoneite, and the gravel walks that lead up to our door and to our neighbor's are merely separated by a low wire railing; consequently, when a foot treads on either, it is heard with equal distinctness in one house and the other, and for a moment it remains a matter of speculation for which the new-comer is bound. Twice was the cup of hope raised to our lips by such a footfall, and twice was it dashed down again, as we woke to the painful truth that the errand was not to us. Once a sustained conversation carried on in the neighboring garden boiled up my wife's excite-ment to fever point, and at last, declaring that it was evident that there was some mistake which wanted clearing up, she insisted on my going out to examine the night and be in the way to rectify any

misunderstanding. The voices of the night came from the to have given a keener zest to the quiet servant next door and a railway porter. Notwithstanding the extreme lowness of Unfortunately the minds of both my temperature, he seemed to have been light-wife and myself were much disturbed. ening with some passing gallantries a con-The fortunes of the morrow depended on versation which must be of a business charthe events of the night; and we were wait. acter, in so far as it regarded a hamper ing expectant, in all the feverish anxiety which lay at their feet. On my emerging, of wishes unsatisfied and hopes deferred, the young lady made a snatch at the ham-"Nine o'clock striking, John. Well, if per, and cut short the dialogue with an it does not come in another hour I give it murs slam of the door. The young man at me from under the

"After all," said I, affecting a could mp, and seemed to be breathing some donce I was very far from feeling, "the thing the very reverse of the good-will suprailway companies must have a great deal posed to be congenial to the especial season to do to-night. Upon my word, now that of love and charity. A sudden thought I think of it, it's much more likely that struck me. Providence had sent me, not they will deliver it the first thing to-mor- the turkey, unluckily, but perhaps the means of relieving our minds about it. I "Nonsense, John. You know that Un- subparased the sulky official with a sixele Wurzel said it should be here by ponce, whereupon he smoothed his frowns, sure to have kept the safe side, and sent and be examined. His answers were at it off in time." first vague and extremely unsatisfactory.

"They 'ad 'ad a many turkeys through in question—ours by promise and by gift, their 'ands that day, ay, and mayhap for at least; although doubts, shadowy at first, ten days or a fortnight back. They 'ad had gone on gradually assuming consisten- all been aleavin' turkeys hevery where

Questioned further, he had heard no ria Villas-the joint name of the twin The fatted turkey being, as we foully residences inhabited by the Bobsbys and imagined, provided, we had immediately myself-that one was addressed to Mr. bidden the guests to come and feast on Bobsby; "but I'm sure I see another at him. Our little dining-room was but a the station ticketed for Victoria Villas, small edition of the drawing-room; and perhaps two. I don't rightly remember even when four chairs were arranged round the names on them; but as that one was its dwarf table, there was but a scant space | for Mr. Bobsby, why them ones in course | left for the evolutions of our plump maid would be for you. Anyhow, they've all servant. So the invitations issued were been delivered somewhere; for there were perforce limited to two; these were ad- none laying at the station when I came strangers?"

and who was "looking about him" with a house, with my mind, as I believed, some- ett of friendly voices, and Quilter and view to starting on his own account; and what enlightened, but certainly very far

meantime lost no opportunity of making at the same conclusion which the commua study of the passions. Quilter, as I knew, had thrown over several other engage- If two turkeys had really been left at Bobs- ourselves. Palette gave foreible expresments to come to us, for he had told me by's, why, one of them must of course be sion to his feelings, with the most elaborso; and as for Palette, he was the most ours. Who ever heard of a couple of tur- ately studied dramatic features to match. frank of men, and had had small scruple keys coming lawfully to the larder of a little semi-detached villa? We never ferent with Quilter. Here was an openwith at least as much pleasure to a meet- had thought much of the Bobsby's. Bobs- ing for the display of his professional saing with the Westrepps turkey as to the reunion with his cousin and her husband.

For Westrepps is and has from time

By himself was certainly a quiet, unassugaeity. To bring the culprit to justice ming-looking little man, with a not unple of his powers, and at the same time immemorial been famed for its turkeys; came home late in the evening, and at the give the bird a zest that no sauce that ar- at the door, opened it sharply, and closed and Mr. Wurzel has made a reputation by them, as his neighbor, the late Lord Lei- was a disreputable one, and his deeds of He threw himself heart and soul into the cester, has done by the sheep. In autumn darkness, or his habits were intolerably case. He put myself, my wife, and our you see them trooping by hundreds over dissipated. Whether criminal or only vithe wheat stubble, and through the rickyards among the falling grains. They the most undesirable of neighbors. My facts, and drew from them deductions. don market, they enjoy a posthumous triumph as the crowning glories of the choicest stalls in Leadenhall. Roasted, and
reposing on a menster dish, overbearing in death as in life, they almost elbow the less essential fare from a modest-sized table; and next day, when it reappears grilled and pappered, the very thigh has more substance to show than a leg of black-fixed.

dazzling toilets, and a wealth of dress and lavish of dress and lavish profusion of colors that set expense sink at defiance. It was therefore much more probable that Bobsby carned enough by his ill-gotten gains to gratify the folly of both, than that he neglected his business, and launched out in simple dissipation. Even when my wife had condescended to question our service to show than a leg of black-fixed.

Mr. Bobsby locked stupefied. "A bad business!" he repeated slowly, and half to himself—"a bad business! What can go to trace him indeed. Pill just step down to the railway, and take the evidence of all the porters; extra-judicially, you know. You'd better show me the tarkey before I go. His personal traits way warn you, moreover, a line exceedsubstance to show than a leg of black-fixed.

STATE OF THE

pressed. To say nothing of the importance to us of having the matter decided early next day, if we hoped to meet our bird at dinner, if a crime had really been committed the piece de conviction might by that time have vanished altogether.

"Wait till morning, at all events," recommended his wife, after we had discuss-ed the matter and the chance of our discussing the turkey in all its bearings-"wait till to-morrow. Mr. Quilter and Frank Palette come down early to have a long afternoon at the Palace. We live

victims of a foul crime could hardly sleep peacefully under the same roof with the perpetrators of it. Next morning we rose late, and seated ourselves at breakfast, worn and anxious, with what appetites wo ed, and not unpleasant, although an un-seasonable odor. We sniffed and sniffed; there was no mistaking it. As often on previous occasions, it let us into the seeret of what was going on in our neighbors' kitchen. Early as it was a turkey was roasting there.

"Please, sir," just then exclaimed our excited cook, heedless of ceremony, and plunging hand foremest into the roomplease, sir, them Bobsbys is a cookin' of our turkey, and I've been out, and a looking in at them; and-and-and there's another lying on the dresser."

I rose, rather excited myself, I must confess, but I expressed myself with deliberation and severity.

"In any other circums gances, pirs. Brown, I should consider it beneath contempt to play the spy upon a neighbor, whatever I may think of his general conduct. If I do it now, it is only in discharge of a duty that I owe to society and ourselves, in bringing him, if necessary, to condign punishment. I believe I could swear anywhere to a Westrepps turkey, and shall proceed to satisfy myself at once as to the question of this Bobsby's guilt or innocence."

"Yes, yes, for goodness' sake go at once," exclaimed my wife; and putting on my hat, I sauntered out at the door, down the little gravel walk, and then leisurely back again; gazing the while steadfastly into the kitchen next door. The turkey then revolving on the spit was, for judical circumstances, beyond the reach of satisfactory identification, but the companion bird, reposing on the dresser, illuminated by the full blaze of a glowing fire-his points, his shape, his plumpness—he was a Westrepps fowl all over. I felt that I could swear to him in a thousand. "Oh, come; this is really too much of a good thing. I am to look on turkey-less, while that spleudid bird, almost a member of the family too, is handled familiarly by

"A merry Christmas to you, and many at us unessily. of them, Brown," said and repeated a du-Palette came stalking into the little garden. I took Quilter and Palette into the zealous artist, who hoped one day to take | My wife and I talked the matter over, | house, and had the satisfaction of pouring my tale of serrow and anger into sympathizing ears. As I had foreseen, they substance to show than a log of black-faced | vants casually on the subject she could get | will guide me in any questions I may have |

guest should not arrive in time, we should side that all that Bobsby's servants could Mrs. Bobsby, watchful at her first front have but a blank board and blank faces round it at our little Christmas merry-making.

Say about the matter was that they had good wages, paid punctually, and that and with my connivance, ogling her chighnaking.

Bobsby was in business in the city. So of course we kept the Bobsby's at arm's stairs accordingly. Meantime Quilter had length, and my wife repelled some off-hand been looking about him. He stretched advances, that Mrs. Bobsby threatened us his arm over the partition fence, and pickwith, with a chilling dignity that is all her ed up the torn fragment of an address card.

It was clear, then, that Bobsby was just the man to embezzle his neighbors' turkey. What steps to take towards its re- tant," he remarked; and then, as he read covery was quite another thing. It was off the inscription, he turned round to me, a delicatematter to tax a well-to-do house- ill-concealed triumph beaming from his halder with a theft, and that too upon bare sharp grey eyes. "What did you say was suspicion. But, on the other hand, time the name of that Norfolk farm?"

"The farm !-oh! Westrepps. Why do you ask ?" "And you say that you have had noth-

ing at all sent you from there lately?" "Why, of course, I'll swear they sent that turkey, and old Bobsby stopped it." "O yes; of course they did. But noth-

ing else, I mean ?" "No, nothing whatever."

"Very good then; by Jove we have him! You may send round and fetch a constable. I should say even for a first offense of the sort they can hardly give near Sydenham, Quilter knows the law, him less than a fortnight and hard labor. and will conduct the case for us." Look here!" And he held before my ason the pillow, firmly pledged by this time to a faith in the guilt of Bobsby. We had a broken night, as might be expected. The victims of a foul crime could hardle the country of the country of the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters in the card indeed had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, in bold characters. trepps Farm."

"Look here," suggested Palette, who had bitherto left the affair in Quilter's hands. "You've carried the matter so might. We had trifled with eggs and far, and very creditable to you it is; but toast, and sent them away, when our olfactory organs became conscious of a markto hand over the turkey too; in the mean time at least, remember that. Got any. thing else for dinner, Brown, eh?"

Quilter and I started blankly in each other's faces.

"No, by Jove! there's something in what Palette says."
"And nothing in the larder, I suppose you may mean. Well, but we can't le: the beggar slip through our fingers, either," remonstrated Quilter.

"You'd better not let that turkeysplendid fellow he seems, by the by-slip "I vote for a Minpa's. I."

"Compounding a felony," murmured Quilter, visibly relenting.

"If we had a second turkey, as Bobsby has, I should be on the side of principle," said Pallette; "as we have not, I lean to expediency, and am still of opinion, that at this Christmas season it would be both wise and right to temper justice with merey. Besides, that is a singularly heavy bird, and will want a great deal of roasting. I vote we look sharp, and secure him with as little delay as possible. Keep the law and the policeman in the background, if you will, but let us confront Bobsby at once. I see he's stuffed the bird for us,perhaps with chestnuts, possibly truffles; he looks as if he had sound ideas of com-

fort. Small wonder, for he lays in his supplies cheap." Palette's Achitophelian counsels carried the day. We all three successively stepped over the little railings, our proccedings, as we could see, watched by the enemy from the dim background of their drawing-room. We rung the bell. Some ouffling of feet and whispering from within, and the ringleted maid came to present herself. A brief parley, and we were ushered iuto Mr. Bobsby's presence and back parlor. In admirably affected surprise, and with much hypocritical bonhomie he received us, and begged us to be seated. He stood himself on the hearth-rug, rubbing his hands, and looking

"We have called, Mr. Bobsby, I am sorry to say, on a disagreeable business, which I have no doubt you suspect."

"Really, gentlemen, unless you have come as a deputation, asking subscriptions for something or other. I have had at least a dozen of them here in the last two days. I am quite at loss, but"-brightening up a little-"I am sure I am always glad to make the acquaintance of any neighbor."

"I could wish, Mr. Bobsby, that the acquaintance had commenced in more pleasant circumstances. The turkey-5 Mr. Bobsby's face suddenly clouded over. He hushed me to silence with an agitated, impatient gesture, and, glancing uneasily it again suspiciously.

"Didn't I tell you!" said Quilter, nudging my elbow. "Clear as mud. Leave the matter to me! H-h-m !" he began, cleanidg his throat, straightening himself in his chair, and assuming a most judicial and imposing manner. "It's a bad business, Mr. Bobsby, as my friend says—a very bad business indeed."

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)